A STORY OF STANTON

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S GREAT SECRETARY WAS A "MAN OF WAR."

A. J. Beveridge Tells an Interesting Story of the Man of Blood and Iron.

A. J. Beveridge contributes a new story of Stanton, the great Secretary of War, whose biography is yet to be fittingly written. "The Virginia Beveridges," he said, "were loyal to their State and the South in the late struggle, and one of my father's brothers was a young man of very impulsive nature, with discretion in as yet unfledged quantity. His mother was a delicate, nervous woman, very devoted to this son, who was only nineteen years of age. He turned up missing one day, and neither did he return the next day or the third day. His mother was in a state of distraction. The family came to the conclusion that the young man had been heard making some of his radical and indiscreet remarks about the Northern people and the Union army and had been locked up. Nothing was heard of him for so long and his mother's condition became so serious that it was decided to make a personal appeal to Secretary Stanton as to the whereabouts of the boy if under arrest, and, if possible, to ease his mother's mind by providing some comforts for the prison cell, such as bedclothing, eatables, books, etc. At that time it was known that the Secretary of War had certain days in which he would grant audiences to the public. When that day came around W. M. Beveridge, a brother, was one of those in line, waiting to speak to the Secretary. Just before him was Colonel B——, who had been relieved of his command for some reason. He was there to demand a certain sum of money which he claimed was due as his pay. When he had reached the Secretary, a short, stocky man, with a long beard and two eyes that burned with the fire of terrific energy and personal force, the anxious brother said he heard Colonel B—— say:

"'Mr. Secretary, I am Colonel B——, of such and such a regiment. I am entitled to the residue of my pay (naming such and such amount), and I want you to give me an order for it.'

"'Colonel B——,' came the answer, in tones that made the whole line quail, 'you will report to General S——, sir, and if there is anything due you, you will receive it. Pass on.'

"'But I have been to General S——, sir, and he refuses to pay what is due. An order from you——'

"'My business is war, sir. Pass on.'

"My kinsman," continued Mr. Beveridge, "said afterward, in telling me the story, that the tone, manner and searching fire of that blazing eye made him almost shake in the knees. His heart sank as the disappointed Colonel had to obey orders and move away. But when his turn came he managed to say:

"'Mr. Secretary, I am W. M. Beveridge, of Virginia. My brother, a boy of nineteen years, is missing, and we believe that he has been put in prison by some of your forces because of some indiscreet remarks of his. His mother is in a critical state of health in consequence of his disappearance. We believe it would greatly relieve her if we could locate the boy and furnish him bedclothing and some other comforts.'

"'My business is war, sir. Pass on!" was the abrupt answer and order.

"'But, Mr. Secretary, we do not ask his release. We only——'

"'My business is war, sir. Pass on.'

"There was nothing else to do," concluded the narrator, "and the troubled pleader for his brother passed on. Stanton was the man for his place—one of blood and iron."

A LITTLE RAILROAD STORY.

Small Boy Mangled by a Train Talks to the Typewriter Girl.

Down under the Virginia-avenue viaduct, where three or four railroads do their switching, an accident happened the other day. A slender, pale-faced boy, seven or eight years of age, attempted to catch the guard rail of a rapidly-moving locomotive, but missed his grasp and fell under the grinding wheels. A dozen trainmen saw the accident and signaled the engineer to stop. The boy was tenderly drawn from beneath the wheels and carried into one of the freight depots. The little fellow was not dead, and the accident might have been worse. His right arm was torn and mangled, and, although he was suffering the most acute agony, he was brave and manfully kept back the tears of pain when some one attempted to examine his mangled arm. An ambulance call was sent to the City Dispensary, but the arrival of the physician was delayed for more than an hour. It was evident from the first examination made by the trainmen that the injured arm would have to be amputated, and a dozen willing hands set about to make the lad comfortable until a physician would come with the ambulance. The noise and bustle incident to the accident attracted the attention of the force of office clerks on the second floor of the depot, and with the usual curiosity of her sex the pretty girl who presides at the typewriter inquired what was going on below. Some one told her that it was a matter of trivial interest. A boy had been run down by an engine and badly hurt, perhaps. The girl listened for a moment to the tramp of feet below and then caught the sound of a moan.

"I'm going down there," she said, rising abruptly from her machine and leaving a half-copied letter. As she started for the door a half-dozen men intercepted her.

"You must not go down there," they said. "That's no place for a woman. There are none but men down there and, besides, the boy's mother has been summoned."

"Well, I'm going down anyway," she exclaimed, with a gleam of anger in her blue eyes, "for I know that a woman is needed. Until that boy's mother comes, I'll be a mother to him."

The men saw determination and grit in the girl's face and interposed no further objection. Catching up a towel as she left the room the young woman tripped down stairs. Gathering her dainty skirts about her she boldly walked up to the crowd of men who stood about a bundle of rags and bruised flesh that lay on the floor. Every man in the crowd uncovered his head as the girl approached and politely made way for her. She didn't scream or evince the slightest indication of swooning at sight of the pallid face and bleeding arm of the sufferer. On the contrary she knelt down beside his rude pallet and taking one of his blood-smirched hands into her own rosy palm, firmly grasped the towel and proceeded to wipe the blood from his face. A fairt smile passed over the suffering features as the little fellow looked upon the ministering angel at his side. Then, for the first time since the accident, he began to cry. Clutching the girl's hand he piteously wailed:

"Please don't tell my mother about this, will you? She don't know that I play on the tracks and I don't want her to find out how I got hurt." The girl attempted to pacify him but he continued to deplore the accident solely upon his mother's account. Finally the boy lapsed into quietude and it seemed that he would sleep under the cool touch of the womanly hand. A few minutes before the arrival of the ambulance the little sufferer aroused again and, with an effort, was abie to speak.

"Say, do you think I'm going to die?" he gasped, starting up and gazing intently at the face of the girl.

"Oh, no, my poor boy, you won't die," she replied with a quiver of the lips that set the men to wondering how long she would stand the scene. "You will get well, because the doctors will be here soon," she continued, "and this will only be a lesson to you to keep away from the railroad tracks."

"I don't know about that," returned the little fellow. "I have been a pretty bad boy and I'm not fit to die now." He lay quiet for a moment and then drew the girl down closer.

"Say, won't you pray for me; please do, won't you?" he asked with a sob. She looked into the pleading eyes and turned away for a moment. Perhaps she breathed a silent prayer, but she did not speak. The sufferer grew calm again and the ambulance rattled up to the doorway. The boy noticed the preparations to take him away and again turned to the young woman at his side.

"Won't you kiss me, just once," he pleaded, and the girl taking him up in her arms without a thought of his blood-soaked garments, pressed her lips to his pallid face. As they picked him up he screamed with pain. He was taken to the dispensary and stood the operation like a veteran while the girl went up stairs, swooned twice and cried the rest of the afternoon.

The Bootblacks' Bargain.

"There was a scene at the corner of Washington and Pennsylvania streets one day last week that coupled the pathetic and the ludicrous in a marked degree," said a well-known lady. "I had occasion to go into a drug store. Sitting on the pavement near the store was an old blind man who grinds out dolorous tunes from what was once an organette, but whose rheumatic voice seems the notes of one in despair. Soon two boys came along and asked the man to play them a tune on the machine. I did not hear the conversation, but I could readily guess what it might have been. The boys were bootblacks, and after the agreement the man stuck out his feet and the boys, one at each shoe, began to blacken them. He put in a fresh tune, and while he turned the crank in rhythmic measure the brushes flew up and down and across the worn leather till each shoe shone. The tune was kept up till the bargain was completed."

A Drive at Careless Men.

"It has always been one of the unsolvable conundrums to me, why men will criticise women for fixing their hair in public or leaving their gloves to be put on till they are in the street car or on the street."

"Why?"

"For the very simple reason that men themselves perform so much of the toilet in public view. They sit before windows with their collars and ties off, lather all over their faces and a barber scraping several days' growth of beard from their cuticle. Then dozens of them take their seats on the street corners while they have their boots or shoes blacked. They think no more of trying on coats and hats right at the front door of the shops than they do of entering the shops. Then look at the scores of them who pick their teeth and clean their nails on the street. It has always seemed to me that if I were a man and looked as ugly as most of them do with a few hairs on my chin and dirt on my boots I would try and remedy the matter before I made my appearance on the streets. And if I did as they do now, I would not say anything against the women who happen to draw on gloves after they leave their homes or fasten a stray lock."

A Coincidence in Accidents.

"An English family who lived near us some years ago," said a lady one day last week "had the strangest thing happen that I ever heard of. One day one of the daughters, there were only two, was in the field where men were cutting grass. A machine was standing there and she walked up to it and put her finger on the knife to feel how sharp it was. Just as she did so one of the horses started, and her finger was cut off at the first joint. The next year there was company at their house and one of the guests spoke of the hand with its short finger. In the afternoon the family and guests went to the field where the same process of cutting grass was going on and the other sister stepped up to the machine and was telling them just how the accident to the sister occurred and she put her finger on the knife, when lo, the knife moved and the same finger was cut off in the same place and on the same hand as had happened to the sister. It was strange to see those two sisters with their hands deformed in the same way, and then to think of their having the same kind of accidents."

Blackbirds for Boas.

There have been numerous millinery openings within the past few days and there have been scores of visitors to all of them. In one of the stores a lady took her small son and he was escorted through aisles of hats and bonnets. In one store they came to a place where feathers and birds were shown, and she tried to point a lesson to the son about the wicked destruction of the songsters. A few days afterward she was seen on the street with birds in her hat and a bird boa about her neck. It is the latest agony (a very good word for it by the way) to have a neck band of blackbirds. The birds are placed side by side and the little black bills seem to kiss the wearer's neck. The opinion of the small boy has not been made public.

Way They Use Spoons.

A man recently returned from Europe, and, of course, he had much to say to his friends of the trip. One special advantage he had, which all European travelers do not enjoy, was that of having an English friend, who took him to his home. One evening a few of the neighbors were invited in to dine. This traveler was full of enthusiasm for the country, and observed everything with curious eyes. In relating his experience of the dinner, he told his auditor, who had not been abroad, that the English people were peculiar about lots of things. "Why," said he, "they actually eat their soup out of the side of their spoons."

OLD NATIONAL ROAD

SOME OF THE TAVERNS THAT WERE KEPT IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Ruins of One Now Standing Near Irvington—A Barn That Henry Clay Admired.

The present condition of East Washington street between Indianapolis and Irvington brings to mind the Whigs' campaign banner of 1840, which had on it a painting of a stagecoach upset in the mud with Van Buren standing outside exclaiming, "Good God! is this the National road?" Since Van Buren's time there have been plenty of others ready to exclaim the same thing. For the past few years the road has been in a chronic state of repairs until wayfarers have been tempted to wish for the old toll-gate and the 5-cent charge. This summer it seemed in a fair way to becoming a smooth road, when it was discovered that it was entirely too high; straightway the work of lowering it was commenced and the sanguine suburban citizen who had hoped to drive to town in peace bumps patiently off and on the car track, over and through improvements and improving machines. But constant repairing probably means final perfection, and there are those who can testify to its superiority over the old Cumberland road, as it was called fifty years ago, from the fact that it runs from Cumberland, Md., to St. Louis.

Hon. George W. Julian tells how, in 1845, it took him twenty-two hours to come from Centerville to attend the Legislature. The horses' hoofs sank down one or two feet at every step in the thick, yellow clay and the passengers spent a good part of the time prying the wagon out of the mud with fence rails. The safest and quickest vehicle for getting over the road in those days was a box made of timber withed together and put on wagon wheels. In this the driver, the mail, and one or two passengers would go triumphantly through the mud, jolting over the pole bridges.

Those who have lived on the road all their lives say that instead of the National road, it would have been more appropriately named the "Road of Nations," for it was for many years lined with travelers, "movers" from the old world, as well as from the Eastern and Middle States. It was a common sight to see a long line of wagons and vehicles of every sort slowly journeying westward. Sometimes, too, it was a band of stragglers returning to the East, having gone through the fever and ague and lost the little they had carried out with them. Later, when a corduroy road was laid, the mail and stage coaches made regular trips along it.

Until within the last few years many of the old taverns still stood. But the tearing down and moving, a few weeks ago, of parts of the Blythe homestead leaves only one old, disused tavern to bear witness to the days of mud roads and stage coaches along the whole length of the road, from Indianapolis to the State line. The Blythe place, opposite Colonel Streight's late residence, better known now as John Streight's, was built fifty years ago by Benjamin Blythe, who for many years kept a first-class tavern there. The house was much better equipped than the ordinary, and distinguished guests have been entertained beneath its roof. When Henry Clay came to Indianapolis, in 1842, he stopped there over night. The great barn on the premises pleased him so much that he had drawings made of it, in order to have a similar one built on his farm in Ashland, Ky. The barn has long since disappeared, and the big, barnlike house has stood vacant for the greater part of the time in late years. The useless size has now been diminished, and what is left of it has been moved down nearer the street, where it can get a better view of modern locomotion.

Further east on the west bank of Pleasant run is the place where, until within the last two years, the weather-beaten old house stood in which Samuel Shank "kept tavern" before the war. Then it was a new wooden building, with a swinging sign. This house offered special accommodation in the shape of a "movers' room," an empty room where, for 50 cents, as many as could crowd in were privileged to spend the night. At times five and six families of movers would spread their comforts on the floor, glad of a chance to sleep under a roof once more. The old inn was torn down a year or so ago and a beautiful new residence is to be built on the spot. Just across Pleasant run is the site of the Browning homestead, a quaint little house, brick below and frame above, built into the side of the hill. It, too, has been pulled down and a modern home been built in its place.

The next landmark is the old house which is still standing to-day opposite the street car stables in Irvington—a crumbling, white brick, falling in on itself, surrounded by tall pine trees. It was built in '32 by John Wilson, who bought the eighty acres of woodland between the road and creek for $800. From 1845 until 1875 Aquila Parker kept a tavern there. The house is a typical old-time inn; a hall runs the length of the center, and the low ceiling can be touched with the hand; in each room is a broad open fireplace.

Some college boys attempted to initiate a candidate into the mysteries of their fraternity in this lonely spot one night, but only met there once. There have been tales of buried money, and credulous people have spent considerable time digging around the premises, and dislodging old bricks. Under the fireplaces especially deep holes have been dug but without result.

All the old places of entertainment were points of prime importance in the days of stage coaches, and wayside taverns, when the mail coach frequently made progress of less than two miles an hour, and the provident passenger provided himself with a fence rail for emergencies. Remembering these things, the people along the National road are thankful they live in the present day and generation, and patiently wait for the final evolution of the road.

OLD DICK.

In a certain town in Indiana lives a very young man and a very old horse. The very young man is not quite twelve years old; the horse is three times twelve and four to carry. Twenty-five years ago the father of the very young man bought Dick, cheap, because he had been mistreated, poorly fed and was bony as a saw-horse.

"He has been on the road, sah, Cherrypicker has. He has trotted in three minutes, sah, and could do it again if he had a few weeks of oats and hay. He am a bargain, sah, sartin sure," said the old darky who had him in charge. And so Cherrypicker became Dick, and was fed and groomed by his new master until he was sleek and handsome as a four-year-old. Up to the time he was thirty he would run away now and then, and was always ready for a race on the block pavement toward home. Not one came behind him with that sharp click in the trot betokening a desire to get ahead but Dick's ears instantly grew rigid, his head was proudly lifted and away he went, leaving his competitor far behind. This result always surprised the other driver. He had seen only an old black horse shambling along as old horses do. Dick became a well-known feature of a certain street, and it was not unusual to hear one who had been beaten call out at the next meeting, "Say, do you feed that fellow quicksilver?" or to have him reply to the taunt, "Why don't you come on?" 'Oh, go 'long with your old nag!' From the time the very young man was six months old he was held upon Dick's back, and fed him sugar out of his baby hand. Almost the first word he learned to say was Dick.

Four years ago the very young man and his father rigged up a sled made of long runners on which a dry goods box was placed and every evening after 4 o'clock, five or six neighborhood boys rode all about the north part of town on it. A tender-hearted lady once ventured to remonstrate. "The poor old creature," she said, "it is cruel to drive him so. I shall send you a copy of 'The Black Beauty.'"

"Oh, I've read it," answered the very young man, "but old Dick likes this as well as we do, don't you old fellow?" And Dick trotted on looking as happy as the boys.

About three years the mother of the very young man, being a practical person, said she thought it foolish to keep an animal about that was of no use whatever and advised giving him to some one who might have light work that he could do and who would treat him well. After much argument on her part this was done, but alas, it was a careless man to whom he had been given and soon the report came that Dick was being starved. He was quickly brought home where his rough, dusty coat was washed clean in the tears of the family, especially those of the very young man, who insisted that his own soft mattress and fleecy white blankets should be brought down for Dick's comfort, utterly scouting the idea of sawdust and coarse gray covering. The very young man paid for having the picture made out of his own allowance. "Six pictures for ninety cents, wasn't that cheap?" Why did you have six? "Oh, I wanted a plenty." "But it is miserable of you. You look like a negro, and why didn't you dress up?"

"Why this is Dick's picture. I only held him." M. W. D.

OUR DIALECT AS SPOKE.

(A Mixed Allegory.)

As the blind man passed along the street some one inside a doorway remarked, "Yes, that's a good, strong pant," and he was not certain whether it was a doctor coaching a patient or a salesman working a granger.

A little further on he heard a hoarse voice cry, "Put on yer hose," and he was perplexed to know whether the speaker was addressing his wife or a fireman.

Passing on he met some young ladies, and when one of them said, "I think your bow is lovely," he was undecided as to whether she referred to a necktie or a dude.

As he approached the street corner he heard a man ask some one, "Did you water the stock?" and he was puzzled to decide whether the questioner was a hog buyer, a milkman or a broker.

He hadn't proceeded more than a block further when a newsboy startled him by yelling, "All about the Fitz-Creedon knockout," and, not being a sport, he couldn't tell whether Fitz had Creedon or Creedon had fits.

He passed a group of boys, and when one of them said something about a "curved ball" he wondered if his impression that all balls were curved had been a mistake. Perhaps, thought he, the boy was making some slang allusion to the round dances.

Presently he found himself in the midst of a small but turbulent crowd which some man was evidently addressing. The noise and clamor made it impossible for him to catch the speaker's drift, but he managed to hear something about "grinding monopolies" and "soulless plutocrats," and was bothered to decide whether the orator was a Populist, an Anarchist or a Democrat; but when he reflected that the epithets quoted are among the joint stock assets of this political triad (who have become hopelessly mixed through sympathy and association) he dismissed the matter from his mind and hurried on—out of hearing.

J. C. O.

Willing to Do His Part.

Washington Star.

"And you wish to be treated?" said the dentist.

"No, begorrah," replied Mr. Dolan. "You shtop the hurrut in this toot', an' Oi'll trate to anythin' yez want."